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TOM MOONEY AND WARREN K. BILLINGS have rounded out their twelfth year in prison. These years have sped by swiftly for most of us. "Is it possible," we say, "that Mooney and Billings have been shut up so long?" To the two prisoners, victims of perjured testimony and the unbelievable reluctance of those in power to right a wrong, the years behind bars have gone by on slow feet; helpless and baffled, these men have waited and watched their youth drop from them. And still the authorities evade and decline and offer substitutes for freedom. A new drive to release Mooney and Billings is being initiated with an appeal for pardon to Governor Young of California. The appeal is being presented by a delegation headed by Frank P. Walsh, Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, and Fremont Older. It is known in advance that the Governor has no wish to pardon these two victims of California mob rule. He is likely to offer parole, but Tom Mooney is reluctant to accept an incriminating compromise. On this point we take the liberty of quoting from a personal letter he recently wrote to the editor of *The Nation:*

> My attitude with respect to parole is that I would rather rot and die in prison than to accept it; that I am absolutely innocent of this crime. To accept parole is tantamount to an admission of guilt and would make of me a conditional prisoner of the State for the remainder of my life. . . . I have asked for a pardon and will accept nothing short of that. The rules governing paroles are unbearable to any self-respecting freeman—they are humiliating and degrading.

Let every person who prizes his own freedom join the appeal to the California Governor. In him alone rests the power of pardon.

IF THE POWER ISSUE is not prominent in the campaign yet, there is good reason why it should be. Recently the Public Service Commission of New York State, most of whose members were appointed by Governor Smith, refused to allow any protest from consumers against the joining of the Brooklyn Edison and Consolidated Gas companies into one billion-dollar corporation. In this case, which involves an inflation of assets of over $100,000,000, the commission took the position that only stockholders were interested and entitled to a hearing. This is the Farthest South to date in the breakdown of the pretense that regulation protects the consumers. Morris L. Ernst, representing the Public Committee on Power in New York State, which includes editors of *The Nation* and *New Republic* as well as prominent Republicans and Democrats, stated that unless in such combinations contractual guaranties could be obtained from the companies that the expected efficiencies would be shared with the public, the whole pretense that regulation protects the consumers should be dropped. It will be remembered that the Federal Trade Commission discovered evidence to show that the utilities were the most active exponents of the efficiency of regulation, and that President Cortelyou of the Consolidated Gas and President Sloan of the Brooklyn Edison had their hands in the peaceful penetration of schools and press with power propaganda. This case is clearly an attempt to "cash in" on the work they have done in that direction. The commission, which seemed at first disposed to aid them entirely, to brush away any opposition and discussion of the issues involved, has now taken under advisement the idea of listening to consumers' objections. Governor Smith will certainly be called upon to answer for the ineffectiveness of regulation of power companies in his own State.

BOSTON IS STILL "the poor farm of journalism." On July 17 all its morning newspapers led with the sensational news that more than two hundred factory workers in half a dozen plants had collapsed shortly after the noon hour the day before, violently stricken with some form of poisoning. All the victims had partaken of box lunches supplied by the Waldorf Lunch System, Inc., one of the chain restaurants which operate in greater Boston and other cities. The Ford plant in Somerville was forced to suspend for the rest of the day, so large was the proportion of its employees affected. By a prodigious effort of journalistic side-stepping every Boston newspaper managed to avoid mentioning the name of the concern which supplied the lunches—surely one of the vital and essential facts in the story—referring merely to "a local chain restaurant." The Associated Press story, however, went out without deletion. The United Press dispatches, on the other hand, suppressed the name of the Waldorf chain. Possibly the Boston United Press correspondent had obtained his journalistic training in Boston.

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ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS seems to be a sort of political cat, with at least nine political lives. He led the uprising against Turkey which made Crete a part of Greece in 1896, and headed a revolt against Prince George of Greece in 1905. But he returned to favor, and he became Prime Minister of all Greece in 1910, holding the post for five years, until his ardor to enter the World War led to a break with King Constantine. Exiled, he remained in politics; and in 1917, aided by the French, he first established a rival government in Saloniki, then ousted the king and, with the aid of French marines, became Greece's first President. He was the strong man of the Balkans at the Paris Peace Conference, and won for his country a paper empire in Asia. But, despite Lloyd George's support, he could not hold Turkey against the Turks; the disastrous defeat of the Greek army and the burning of Smyrna in 1920 seemed to end Venizelos's career with a great smoky smudge. Not at all. In 1924 he returned to a short-lived premiership, only to retire, disgustedly announcing that he was through with politics forever. Yet he is in the premiership again, and has forced the unwilling President, Admiral Koundoriotis, to dissolve Parliament and change the electoral law so that the Cretan may rule untrammeled. It is a far cry from the days when Venizelos was hailed as the builder of a new Greek democracy. His Royalist opponents accuse him of violating the constitution to consolidate his power; the radicals agree, but add that he is acting as the agent of American capital. His first acts in office were to end the strikes among the longshoremen and the workers in the American tobacco factories, and to alter the Diomides plan which gave English bankers a preference over a Franco-American group competing for the new Greek loan. But enemies and friends agree that no man in all Greece has a more passionate desire to see his country great.

WITH THE EXCHANGE OF NOTES between the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, and Signor Mussolini, the question of South Tyrol is restored to the background as far as official Vienna is concerned. Mussolini has succeeded in getting his formula accepted. Dr. Seipel admits that "he has never ceased to regard the South Tyrol question as a purely internal Italian affair and to recognize that the Italian citizens of German nationality must approach Rome with their requests and petitions." The Chancellor declares that Austria's interest is a purely cultural one. "If any irresponsible persons should indulge in anti-Italian agitation, the Federal Government will proceed against them by every legal means." Mussolini is thus assured that the bullying of the South Tyrolese by Giarrantana and his satellites in Bozen may continue without further protest from the Austrian government. No wonder that the *Lavoro d'Italia* sneers at "cosmopolitan Vienna, this capital without a soul or an ideal." The Austrian Government cuts no very heroic figure.

IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME in history that Vienna has passed indifferently over the amazing loyalty of the Tyrolese, but on this occasion she has the excuse of complete helplessness. Rome, however, cuts no more heroic figure than Vienna. What she has done is something very like what, in ordinary life, is called blackmail. The war-cripples, after a six years' struggle, have just been awarded the pensions which Italy was bound to pay them under the St. Germain Treaty; to obtain their rights, the cripples had to send a detachment to Rome. Meanwhile Austria is waiting for her creditors, who granted her relief in kind and a little money in the starvation days of 1919, to agree to her seeking a fresh loan in the international markets. Italy alone has been blocking the way. On her purely formal consent a price was fixed—the Austrian Government was called upon to eat humble pie. It has done so, and Italian opposition to the much-desired loan will be withdrawn. Rome celebrates the emptiest triumph imaginable. Not merely is Austria's weakness a byword in Europe; the protests against the bullying of the South Tyrolese have not come from Vienna, but from the capital of Tyrol itself, Innsbruck. It was anything but the wish of Dr. Seipel that the Tyrolese deputies should speak their mind in the Vienna Parliament, but they forced his hand, and will do so again whenever they think it will serve their conationals now ruled by Italy. Furthermore, it is not the protests of Vienna but those of Munich and Berlin which really cause Italy concern. And these capitals are not very good subjects for international blackmail. All that has been achieved positively is a little further loosening of the very slender bond attaching Tyrol to the Austrian Federation. Perhaps Mussolini desired this. He would do well to reflect that if that bond is ever severed, it will profit not Rome but Munich.

JOHN A. HOBSON, our contributing editor, was seventy years old on July 6. Our readers know the rich wisdom of his writing, but we would share with them the appreciation of the *Manchester Guardian*, which ranks him in the great tradition of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Bagehot, and John Stuart Mill:

> A student and scientist by nature, he has never relinquished his original interest in the fundamental problems of economics; yet his passion for social justice drew him early into political journalism and dictated a career that could not be pursued in an academic post. Hence his unique influence on his time; in the world of theory he has insisted on the importance of relating study to practice, in the world of practice he has shown the importance of theory. He found economics a little remote and abstracted; he directed its attention to unemployment, economic waste, and urgent problems of poverty. He found reformers empirical, and compelled them to face the theoretical issues that their proposals raised. One of the most provocative and stimulating critics of his generation, he worked out the constructive basis and justification of the practical social legislation of the last generation.

Fortunately, as the *Guardian* says, the time has not come for a final assessment of his position. His is still one of the youngest and most stimulating minds in England.

ELLEN TERRY the actress is only a tradition to most of the readers of these lines; she dipped below the horizon many years ago. But Ellen Terry the woman remained to the end a living, glowing personality even to the youngest of the younger generation of newspaper readers. Age finally forced her retirement from the theatrical stage but nothing could or did force her retirement from the larger stage of life until death took her from it on July 21 in her home in England. The vivid, captivating personality that had been the great factor in her success on the stage maintained for her a devoted circle of friends, and flashed forth from time to time to the newspaper-reading world, up to her last illness in her eighty-first year. Of Ellen Terry

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the actress we hope to say more later; of Ellen Terry the woman it is enough now to quote the lines she herself penned for her friends when she foresaw the end was near:

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, grave-yard grimness,
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness.
Yours still, you mine,
Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest,
And so to where I wait come gently on.

IT WAS THE LAST of the ninth, with two out and two on bases and the visiting team two runs ahead. Lena Blackburne ordered the White Sox hurler to pitch to Babe Ruth. Ball one—wide. The next one came shoulder high and a white dot flashed through the sunshine far up into the right-field bleachers. Babe Ruth, half mobbed by worshipers, trotted home with the ball game. And why shouldn't he be mobbed by worshipers? What is worship for? This middle-aged ball player, a pitching hero for the old Red Sox thirteen years ago, counted out by sports writers again and again, hit six home runs in six days from July 15 to 20, and on the latter date was twenty-nine games and nine home-runs ahead of his astounding record of 1927. We are glad that the American League has decided to change its rules so that the man who is voted the most valuable player in the league may win the honor a second time. An old hero is as worthy as a new one.

Life Is Cheap in Mexico

HUMAN life is cheap in Mexico. It always has been cheap. Carleton Beals in his "Mexico: An Interpretation" has given us an unforgettable picture of human sacrifices to the terrible snake-wreathed god, Huitzilopochtli, in Aztec days. For four long days the black-robed priests cut up the victims while a vast crowd watched. The Spanish conquest brought new forms of human cruelty—Cortez's massacres, the Inquisition, murderous slave labor in the mines. And when independence came to Mexico the movement was led by landed aristocrats who objected to crown interference with their prerogatives. Efforts of her peons to release themselves from medieval shackles time and again have been drowned in blood, and the coming of foreign capital meant no change in that. Mexico has a tradition of violence.

It should not occasion surprise that Alvaro Obregon was assassinated. Rather is it surprising that he and Plutarco Elias Calles have so long escaped the assassin's pistol. For these two men have made enemies in remolding their country. For a decade they have fought through one revolution after another, and in the intervals of peace have waged a peaceful war against irresponsible generals, feudal landlords, and the church that was associated with them. Obregon had been in prison under men who did not hesitate to assassinate their political opponents. He and Calles had been jointly responsible for the death of scores of their opponents by more or less thinly disguised military tribunals.

It is little more than half a century since our own country was madly engaged in a larger-scale civil war than Mexico has ever known; and at its end a political assassin shot down the man who seemed most likely to be able to heal the breach. Twice in the intervening years Presidents have been shot in office. The long story of the United States's relations with Mexico shows no hesitation in resorting to violence to gain our own ends. We should be slow to judge Mexico harshly.

Yet there is no doubt that Obregon's death is a setback for progress in Mexico. *The Nation* is under no illusions as to Mexican political institutions. Elections have never been free; the masses of Mexico have not yet the kind of social freedom and education without which political democracy is mere stage play. But Obregon and Calles had broadened the popular basis of support of the state, and through practice in the stage play of democracy the Mexican people have been progressing toward its realities. It has been a dictatorship only slightly checked by a parliament through which Obregon and Calles have governed Mexico for eight years; but their dictatorship has observed most of the forms of constitutional government and steadfastly aimed to make dictatorship less and less possible. They have reduced the army and subordinated its personal chieftains to the civil officials, sought to develop mass education, to free both agricultural and urban laborers from the grosser forms of economic exploitation, and have relied upon such organized groups from the bottom of the social scale for support in a crisis. And this liberal dictatorship had lived and grown in strength through a series of violent tests wherein foreign capital and munitions aided the dissident groups in Mexico. It has not been a pretty struggle, but looked at in historic perspective many of the mistakes fade out and the outlines of a great liberating movement appear.

It would have been a symbol of progress in Mexico had Calles been able peacefully to transfer the civil power to Obregon. The rancors of past conflicts made that impossible. We do not yet know the precise motivation behind the assassin's act, but that it was rooted in the social struggle is clear. In such a crisis, with Mexico's anarchic potentialities, Calles will have to continue in power. If he leaves the Presidency it can only be to stand behind the authority of some weaker man. It is a tribute to his character that almost no one doubts the sincerity of his desire to give up power, as no one doubts the necessity of his remaining.

It may seem harsh to say it, but there has been no moment in the last ten years when Mexico could as well afford the sacrifice of Obregon. Ambassador Morrow and President Calles have put an end to the mutual suspicions which meant that every difficulty in Mexico was seized upon by interested Yankees for their own profit. There is no hint of American interference today. The difficulties with the oil companies are on the highway to settlement; the financial groups interested in loans to Mexico are sympathetic with her government's problems; the main outlines of her program for agrarian reform are accepted. Even the dispute with the church shows prospects of settlement. One group of diehards among the Mexican Catholics had held out against the moderate majority, hoping that Obregon's advent to power would change the Calles program. That hope has been rudely shattered by the gun of a Catholic fanatic. If the Vatican now accepts the Calles-Ruiz plan and the priests return to legal functioning in Mexico, the assassination may after all herald an era of unprecedented peace.

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The Defeat of the Coal Strike

THE coal strike has been lost. What had been common knowledge for several months was finally admitted by the Policy Committee of the United Mine Workers on July 19 when it allowed separate districts of the union to accept a wage scale below the level of the Jacksonville agreement. This Jacksonville agreement, which called for a wage of $7.50 a day, was the whole issue of the strike.

A fearful wreckage is left in the wake of the fifteen months' struggle. The once great union of mine workers has lost at least two-thirds of the bituminous miners of the country, and those who are left must accept humiliating conditions in order to return to work. In a few districts the strike will drag on for a time, but only with the object of saving the union, through local agreements, from complete destruction. The Illinois miners may emerge with a fairly powerful district union; in Ohio and Pennsylvania the disaster appears to be quite complete. In the mountains of Pennsylvania are thousands of miners and their families who have been living in tents and barracks for months on a few cents a week. Many are sick but unable to get doctors or medicine.

These starving miners of Pennsylvania are the casualties of one of the most futile strikes in our history. Morally they were right in their contention that men who risk their lives in the black heat of the coal veins are entitled to $7.50 a day—in any sane society they would be among the most highly paid people. But this is not a sane society and the leaders of the United Mine Workers should have known that. The miners were fighting for justice in an industry which is an insane chaos of overproduction, bad management, and pauperizing competition. They were beaten before they began to strike.

They were beaten by non-union coal. Before the strike started two-thirds of the bituminous coal supply of the country was coming from the non-union mines of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States. The union in Pennsylvania had begun to crumble. The big Pittsburgh Coal Company, with fifty-four mines in one district and a Mellon on the board of directors, had adopted an open-shop policy and continued to operate. Scores of union mines were shut down because they could not compete with their low-wage rivals. It was estimated that some 200,000 superfluous miners were working irregularly in the industry—and about 200,000 miners went on strike.

Last spring the left-wing faction of the union tried desperately to spread the strike to the non-union mines through its "save-the-union" movement. It failed and the strike collapsed. Now the left-wing contingent is continuing a drive for a new national union, but its best leaders have left it and the chances of success are slight. The most useful thing it has done in the strike is to teach the miners that an injunction can be defied *en masse* and that no court can keep an entire community in jail.

Was the strike justified? The question cannot be answered by a yes or no. Given the elements of power, demagogy, and stupidity in the organizations of owners and miners, and the strike seems to have been inevitable. Many mine owners who had agreed in 1924 to pay their miners the Jacksonville scale of $7.50 a day connived with their workers to operate on lower wage-scales in order to keep their mines running in competition with the non-union mines. President John L. Lewis bellowed against the practice, but he never faced the issue squarely; perhaps his own members would not allow him to. They had shouted their slogan "No reduction in wages" so often that they had become intoxicated with it.

The economic competition of the non-union mines left Mr. Lewis and his machine only two logical alternatives: to organize those non-union fields or to grant substantial concessions to the owners of union mines. Mr. Lewis did neither effectively—although the miners in Illinois did increase their output without an increase in pay. The mine owners were more unreasonable than Mr. Lewis; in fact, it is doubtful if a perfect labor leader could have prevented the strike in the face of the owners' determination to force it.

It is obvious that some new pattern of control is needed for the bituminous coal industry. *The Nation* has often suggested the necessity of a national reorganization of the industry for the sake of the consumers, the miners, and the owners, but we have entertained no illusions concerning the prospects of such a reform under a Republican or Democratic Party. The most that can be hoped for under the present regime is a set of timid suggestions for regulation—such as the program of the United States Coal Commission.

Meanwhile there is no use in marking time. The repeated disasters in the coal industry give an opportunity to educate public opinion toward an intelligent plan of social control. A significant alternative to the present system of control has been suggested in a book from the Institute of Economics by Walton H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright, "A Way of Order for Bituminous Coal," just published by Macmillan. The Hamilton and Wright plan proposes a national coordination of the industry under a federal corporation as the first step away from chaos. The plan is not state socialism and it is not private capitalism but a combination of certain elements of both.

Hamilton and Wright would have all the bituminous mines in the country owned by a Federal Bituminous Coal Company, which would be granted exclusive control of the open market by the United States government. The technical ownership of this corporation would be in the hands of the present owners of bituminous mines, who would receive 5 per cent debentures for their investments—but this ownership would not mean control. The miners and consumers would do the controlling through a board of directors chosen by labor unions and trade organizations, with certain representatives of domestic consumers chosen by the President of the United States.

A dream? Yes, but a hard-headed dream by economists who have previously won an enviable reputation as analysts of the coal industry. To the mine owners it will seem like a piece of major surgery performed without anesthetics. To others of us, who believe that minor operations will never cure the sickness of the coal industry, the plan seems full of common sense.

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"Amateur"

Amateur, *n.*, one who cultivates an art or pursues a study from love or attachment, and without reference to gain or emolument.—Webster's Dictionary.

THUS the dictionary. But, according to the officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, an amateur is a person who may play tennis six months in the year, supported by his friends and admirers; attract large, paying crowds to stadiums maintained by the officials of the U. S. L. T. A. and their friends; write, for pay, about tennis in general; but who never, never, never writes about a match in which he himself is playing unless at least three days have elapsed between the match and the appearance of the article. And so they have declared Tilden, the greatest tennis player of our generation, a professional, and ruled him out of the Davis Cup matches.

It is ridiculous. "Amateur" sport has become an elaborate stage setting. The rules that hedge it about are as artificial as an eighteenth-century drawing-room conversation, and nowhere are they more artificial than in tennis. Tilden has been writing about tennis for years. If he is a professional today, he was a professional last week and last year. And in one sense, of course, he is, and has been for years, a professional, as all the Davis Cup players are and must be professionals. Tilden and Hennessey and Lott, like Lacoste and Cochet and Borotra, Baron Morpurgo, and the rest of the international tennis stars, make tennis their major profession. It happens that the talent of tennis-playing does not fall exclusively upon the wealthy. Tennis genius sprouts among boys and girls who have to earn their livings. Sometimes rich friends, and sometimes the promoters of the matches, subsidize them, directly or indirectly. More decently, they set out to support themselves without violating the elaborate codes of professional amateurism. Cochet and Brugnon keep a sporting-goods store; that is permissible. Helen Wills writes books, with the aid of a "ghost," and draws pictures; and that is permissible. Tilden appeared on the stage with a racket under his arm; and that was permissible. But Tilden also wrote for the papers; and the wealthy patrons of the sport considered that reprehensible, and set out to make life miserable for him. Now Tilden is an artist who lives for his art. So, grumpily, he accepted rules that he despised but came as near violating them as he dared. He may have violated the letter of the rule at Wimbledon; and if he did doubtless the committee was right in suspending him as an amateur, though there is a clear suggestion of personal animus in the fact that they did not do so until his closest friends on the committee had sailed for France.

But what nonsense it all is! The tennis tournaments support commercial ventures like the stadium in Paris and our own tennis bowl at Forest Hills. The Olympic games are managed with just such professional skill and ballyhoo as make money for Tex Rickard in what is frankly known as professional boxing. Only the players are forbidden to make money. Does anyone suppose that the boys who this summer represent the United States in the Olympic games themselves earned the money to pay their passage? By any common-sense standard Tilden is no more professional than they. It would seem sensible to use words that fit the facts.

Martin and *Life*

THE retirement of Edward S. Martin from the editorial staff of *Life* merits more notice than has been paid to it. In a humorous journal he has for forty-five years maintained a serious editorial page of unvarying stylistic excellence, a page that, save for the war years, grew mellower as time passed. Often it sparkled with humor; usually it was marked by unusual sagacity and understanding, and by criticism which in a few clear sentences went to the heart of questions. Sometimes, though not often, he really lifted the roof of the dwelling of the politicians and let us peep inside. But always his writing was a delight—easy, graceful, remarkably effective. It was an ideal style for an essayist, and when Mr. Martin discovered that he gave us a group of volumes beginning with his "Windfalls of Observation" down to his "Reflections of a Beginning Husband" and "Unrest of Women." Between these came various volumes of verse which helped to win for Mr. Martin his large and devoted following. That he should finally have come to fill acceptably the Editor's Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, the Easy Chair of George William Curtis and William Dean Howells, was but just and proper.

One of the original founders in 1883 of *Life*, Mr. Martin and his associates decided upon serious leading articles, cutting loose in this respect from the tradition of the Continental humorous weeklies, and of *Punch*, which continues its efforts to mold public opinion by indirection rather than direct editorial comment. It is an interesting fact that the present managers have decided to continue this feature and have engaged Mr. Elmer Davis to do his best to fill Mr. Martin's shoes, interesting because they have changed *Life* in almost every other respect and have so altered the tone that we rather suspect that Mr. Martin found himself out of touch with the new day in the office in which he had outlived his early associates. We cannot but bemoan the change because there was a dignity and charm about the makeup of the old *Life* that set it apart. Never a radical journal, its sense of humor and judgment deserted it in the war years, in which it fell for every one of the conventional lies, Mr. Martin being profoundly influenced by his close personal friendship with him whom H. L. Mencken has dubbed "the preposterous Colonel House."

This seems to leave the field open to a humorous political weekly. An American *Punch* could, we suppose, not succeed; the original in England maintains its standards of excellence with amazing skill. But it does seem as if, despite the cartoons in the daily papers, there should still be a field in America for a humorous weekly, with a wise and discerning editorial page, with pencils to unveil the shortcomings and the hypocrisy of our present-day politicians, and to celebrate their merits precisely as was done in earlier days by *Puck* and *Harper's Weekly*. We realize that most journalists will shake their heads as they read this. We base our hope upon the belief that personality still counts in journalism. Edward S. Martin's long career, and his host of ardent friends would seem to prove our point, even though his was naturally an old-fashioned liberalism of a type now outworn in this changing world. People read him, whether they agreed with him or not, not merely because they admired his style, but because they believed in his sincerity and honesty and his effort to be detached and judicial.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

UPON the precise letter of its code the Lawn Tennis Association is technically correct in disbarring Tilden from Davis Cup play. It is also fair to point out that Tilden had accepted the regulation against which he offended. In the player-writer controversy of a season or so ago the stipulation was laid down that no amateur might write of a tournament in which he himself participated until three days after the event. He could, however, write freely about My Favorite Strokes or delve into the past and do Memories of Whitman and Larned.

To me the distinction is not at all clear. Indeed it seems to me a small matter that the association appears to be technically within its rights. The whole thing is silly and for an obvious reason. All amateur organizations are attempting the impossible, and sport unfortunately has been enlisted as a contributor to the vast sum of American hypocrisy. It is the contention of athletic mentors that no man should profit financially by playing any game and remain an amateur. This may be a splendid ideal, but it is no longer feasible in the modern community. First we should have to abolish the radio, the motion picture, and the daily newspaper. To the champion in America comes increasingly a tide of publicity. In this country publicity is a definite medium of exchange. With publicity one can buy both food and lodging. It is the key to the city and also to the suburbs.

With the best intentions in the world a tennis champion cannot avoid making money out of his prowess. If he happens to be a surgeon a certain number of patients will stray in anxious to have their tonsils out by the hand of the man who saved the Davis Cup. As a lawyer he will be visited by clients who would never have heard of him except for his cannon-ball service. The bond business is filled with young men who are capitalizing their previous position in the sport-page headlines. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; in not one of these occupations can the mighty athlete move and divest himself entirely of his glory. Accordingly the question gets down to the amount of direct appeal the champion may employ in cashing in his publicity for money. Obviously the distinctions must be finely drawn. Tilden would not be permitted to stand in the show window of a sporting goods store and demonstrate his back hand. That would be considered very justly too palpable a sale of his tennis talents. Nevertheless, he could write a series of syndicated articles for newspapers on How to Play Tennis. A number of amateurs in good standing are doing just that.

Where is the line to be drawn? Various cases come up which are so intricate that eventually lawn tennis must be limited to Washington, D. C., in order to have the Supreme Court handy for decisions. As well as a linesman it will be necessary to assign a lawyer to each match. In the face of these difficulties there is one remedy which never seems to come up. What would happen if no line at all were drawn? To the moguls of amateur sport such a proposition seems as outlandish as electing Trotzky to the United States Senate. And yet I am certain that no skies would fall or any extinct volcanoes spit up lava if the old distinction between amateur and professional were abolished. Surely some change in the general conception is very necessary. When tennis was an infant industry it was simple enough to limit competition to the few players who appeared in the occasional tournaments just for the fun of it. That was before the days of a tennis season, long trips, and the Davis Cup. No man can be a player of the first rank unless he is prepared to give up three or four months of steady application to perfecting and tightening up his game.

Very possibly a man is a fool to do that unless he has an independent income. But the same authorities who look askance on technical breaches of amateurism are the identical cheer leaders who urge young men to do or die for the Davis Cup. This year America had a training camp in Georgia much after the manner of the big-league baseball teams. Here the expenses were paid for the players invited to participate in the trials. But once tennis is lifted up to such importance the essence of amateurism has departed no matter what the practices of the players may be.

I have no desire to see the game go back to the days when it was a social and a private affair. The community in general gets much more fun out of matches at Forest Hills than if it were forced to read about encounters held in the seclusion of Newport. If there are to be stands large enough to hold all comers, money must be collected and somebody must be paid if it's only the builder. But once tennis has become a public spectacle it seems to me silly to pretend that all this is done in fun. Surely Tilden would not choose of his own free will to play in a large bowl before a crowd which must be constantly reminded that ladies and gentlemen do not applaud errors.

Crack tennis is no longer the pastime of the idle rich. As far as I know not one of the first-class players of the present day is entirely freed from the thrall of making his own living. Now that the competition has grown keener since the last French victory every nation urges its young men to give their all to tennis. That is well enough. Possibly sport may serve a useful purpose as a moral equivalent for war. But if the player is to give all it seems to me no more than reasonable that the country should make some return. And I mean a financial return. Tilden, La Coste, Cochet, and the others are practically drafted for service. If any star in any land said, "I can't compete in big matches anymore because I am too poverty stricken to afford the time," he would be treated as an arch traitor.

I see no possible harm and a great gain in frankness if tennis were administered without regard to amateur or professional distinctions. It may be that in some corner of the land there lurks some low mercenary fellow proficient at the game but so lacking in manners that his presence would pain even the most democratic gallery. In that case let him be barred for just those reasons and not for professionalism. In golf, although the lines are drawn, amateurs and professionals may meet without let or hindrance in all open tournaments. I do not see why this system could not be applied to tennis. A championship should determine the best man and not merely the most proficient within certain financial and artificial limitations. I myself could never see any great distinction between professionalism and living off expense money. According to the present system an amateur tennis player may be best defined as a careful fellow who has not yet been caught.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Digging Graves in Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, July 23

EVERY candidate for the Mexican presidency is dead. Francisco Serrano is dead, Arnulfo Gomez is dead, Alvaro Obregon is dead. The regime which came out of Sonora on the crest of the Mexican Revolution and beached on a lonely island of power has torn itself to pieces in a selfish struggle for survival. Only Plutarco Elias Calles remains—Calles and a disciplined army.

And every economic and social organization in Mexico is in a state of disintegration or at least of realignment. For the moment only Calles remains firm—Calles and a disciplined army. Yesterday Obregon was undoubtedly master of the country, and his reappearance at the threshold of power had set in motion many new forces. But today he is dust and ashes and his death has caused a new type of social disintegration. He had used his strength to splinter the labor movement in accordance with the old motto, Divide and rule. The peasant movement had been in a process of integration; this process has been aborted. Today the labor movement is in a state of chaos and the peasant movement is drifting on uncharted seas. Obregonism, the unruly heritage of its founder, has become a hydra-headed creature scarcely able to survive. Obregonism is made up of peasant leaders, regional *caciquismo* or bossism, soup-kitchen bureaucrats, bastard militarism. Its present unity is a unity of chagrin at losing the soup. Its adherents loathe each other and will soon fall apart if, instead of a leader, they have only a common enemy. This enemy is Luis N. Morones, king and symbol of the Mexicon Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM) and the Mexican Labor Party. Obregon was easily sweeping Morones and his group aside. Agrarian leaders have launched harsh and wild charges implicating Morones in the assassination. And so Morones, along with his fellow-Laborites, has resigned from the Calles government. This is the immediate result of Obregon's assassination—a sharpening of the bitterness between the followers of Obregon and of Morones.

The CROM swept into its greatest victory with the election of Calles, but during the past two years it has been on the defensive. Above all its leaders have been on the defensive. The leaders have lost prestige with the nation and with the rank and file of the CROM unions, and have been obliged to defend themselves from attack on all quarters. The leaders have lost power because of a wanton abuse of their power—by their kotowing to the American Federation of Labor, by their looting of public funds, by their luxurious living, by their violent tactics (consider the assassination of Senator Juan Field Jurado), by their strenuous efforts to crush independent unions (consider their breaking of the railway strike, the fight against the Jalisco miners, the sharp clashes in the textile industry), by their use of official boards of conciliation and arbitration to break non-CROM unions and deny justice to non-CROM workers. Disaffection in the CROM ranks grew. Time and again the leaders prevented strong nucleus organizations, such as the Orizaba brewery and the Textile Center, from seceding. But although last year CROM broke the railway strike by an independent confederation of workers sixty thousand strong and apparently partially destroyed the old organization, CROM was greatly discredited among all the workers in the country.

From another angle came the political drive against CROM. Strong local governors and regional *caciques* resented the political power and federalizing tendencies of CROM, which interfered with their own rule. Independent unions were promoted. Such governors and *caciques* are Guadalupe Zuno in Jalisco, who promoted the independent Jalisco Federation of Labor; Portes Gil in Tamaulipas, who promoted independent oil unions; Adalberto Tejeda in Vera Cruz, who supported Communists and peasants. Torre Diaz in Yucatan, who kept the Socialist Party of the southeast out of the CROM. Thus the CROM in Jalisco has not been able to maintain its footing and has even resorted to alliances with Catholic unions. But two weeks ago all the CROM unions there seceded, ousted their leaders, joined the State Federation, and turned Communist.

Still another enemy of the CROM has been the peasant movement. The National Agrarian Party, led by Diaz Soto y Gama, an ex-Zapatista, and by Urelio Manrique, the ex-Governor of San Luis Potosi, ever since its foundation in 1920 has been, with the exception of short intervals, bitterly hostile. Soto y Gama and Morones are enemies to the death. The National Peasants' League, launched early in the Calles period largely under the aegis of Secretary of the Interior Adalberto Tejeda, and organized by Uasulo Galvan, is a more radical outfit affiliated with Moscow. For the time being it took the up-grade in opposition to CROM, but, though bidding fair to becoming a national organization, it has not realized its expectations. It has, however, dug deep in the states of Vera Cruz, Tamaulipas, and Jalisco and, to a lesser degree, in Durango, Michoacan, and Morelos. Through the propaganda of these two organizations, little by little the peasant organizations affiliated with CROM have slid away. The Grupo Accion, the inner clique of CROM, does not contain a single peasant leader.

This peasant-labor schism was symbolized two years ago by Calles and Obregon, the laborites building up around Calles, the peasants around Obregon. For a time the policies of Calles and Obregon clashed, until the Obregon tendency gained the upper hand. Also Obregon outmaneuvered Calles at every turn, whereupon Calles hauled down the flag and ceded all of Obregon's demands. This was partly due to the arrival of Ambassador Morrow on the Mexican scene, which drove a slight wedge between Calles and Morones. Calles's prompt accedence to Morrow's wishes was a slap in the face of Morones, who had held a more recalcitrant position.

All these onslaughts against the CROM were skilfully utilized by Obregon. His first campaign announcement promised justice to the railway workers. He gathered round his person the agrarian leaders Soto y Gama, Galvan, and even Manrique, who was strongly anti-Calles. He promoted new CROM secessions. He gathered in Communists and at the same time bureaucrats, symbolized by Aaron Saenz. And by skilful promotion of the Sonora Yaqui campaign and the Jalisco religious campaign he prepared

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the military scene for any eventuality. But Obregon is dead and no essential unity exists between railway workers, peasants, bureaucrats, and army generals. They had been Obregonistas not by conviction but by force of circumstances. Similarly the CROM had been an enemy of Obregon not by conviction but by force of circumstances.

There remains an unhappy division between the peasants and the industrial city proletariat. Mexican cities, with the growth of the large-scale, raw-product industries, are modernizing themselves at phenomenal speed; wage scales since the revolution have quadrupled; but the rural areas lag behind. Despite land distribution, temporarily because of land distribution, the peasant sinks rather than rises in the national social scale. He has gained the right to freedom from feudal chains but this freedom is also a freedom to starve or drift to the city.

So in Mexico the natural schism is emphasized. The peasant leaders are out for the blood of their imperialistic city comrades, participating in the march of modernization at the expense of the peasants, and they are out for the blood of their parasitical leaders. But the result is at present the weakening of both movements. The present agrarian leaders, lacking Obregon's personal support, are lost; they have no standing with Calles. Manrique is close to being an enemy. Thus they destroy Morones but for the moment they gain no political advantage with the peasants they lead, whose power was artificially expanded by Obregon's support. To destroy Morones they have joined hands with those who wish the destruction of the whole labor movement. Tomorrow the peasants will pay the price. So both the labor movement and the peasant movement face a period of disorganization. Were new elections to be called the outcome at this moment would be civil war. So Calles remains—Calles and a disciplined army. Only he can pull the ship from the reefs, but, once off the reefs, where will it sail?

Alvaro Obregon

By ERNEST GRUENING

WHEN I first came to Mexico early in 1923 I wrote to President Obregon for an appointment. But before a reply had reached me I was invited to the last of the *posadas*, festivals of the Hispanic Christmastide, and at a ball, attended chiefly by Mexican officialdom, I met the President. Although he did not dance, it was well known that he enjoyed these functions, and every senora and senorita highly esteemed the privilege of taking Don Alvaro's left arm and listening to the flow of humor, anecdote, and wisdom drawn from experience for which he was justly renowned throughout Mexico. The President invited me to dine at Chapultepec two nights later, and as his English was slight and my Spanish still embryonic, Roberto Pesqueira, fellow-Sonoran, and one of the outstanding younger revolutionists, interpreted. Later I came to know the President well.

Now General Obregon has been assassinated, and it is my desire to give, in this brief compass allotted, my impression of him both as man and as public figure. It is not easy in the immediacy of his tragic end to write with the dispassionateness that history requires, and to dissociate the profound and favorable impressions wrought by repeated personal contacts from the multiplicity of acts which are the sum of Obregon's public service.

For the strength and charm of Obregon's personality had a bearing on his preeminence. They go far to explain not merely the extraordinary rise of the obscure *ranchero* —for many in Mexico have risen meteorically—but his continued ascendancy and supreme popularity for over a decade. So I will confess that he captivated me from the start, and that my feeling that he possessed many elements of greatness grew with each contact. First I was carried away by his gorgeous sense of humor. Most public men lack it; the abler ones are really serious nearly all the time, and the lesser ones are apt to compensate for their inadequacies by a striving for chronic earnestness. I remember that the first time I traveled on his private train and asked him facetiously where the bandits were that I had expected to find in the country, he replied with a solemnity which only his eyes betrayed: "You see, when I left the country and came into the city, the bandits all came in with me. Confidentially, I have some of them in my Cabinet now."

Next, there was his broad humanitarianism, the universality of his outlook, which would seem predicated on much travel or wide reading, neither of which had been Obregon's—although he had supplemented his own experience by not a little book-learning. At our second meeting he told me that Mexico was about to decline to attend the Fifth Pan-American Congress in Santiago, Chile, and in a few sentences exposed an entire philosophy of international relationship. Said he:

> President Harding has not recognized the Mexican government. It is to be recognized for a consideration—that of agreeing in advance to a certain course of conduct. This we cannot and shall not do. It is inconsistent with the dignity and rights of a sovereign people, however much they may need and desire recognition. It would never be asked of a nation of equal strength. The Pan-American congresses are held under the auspices of the Pan-American Union, which has its seat in Washington, and is organized under the patronage of the American State Department. The delegates are diplomatic representatives of Latin-American countries to the United States. But as we have not been recognized, we have no ambassador to the United States. We should consider it highly improper to accept the invitation to attend, which permits us to overlook this fact and name another representative. Only a Pan-American Union based on absolute equality of nations regardless of size or power can adequately serve to bring the nations into a truer and closer friendship. At present it is a relationship dominated by one nation, which fact is in itself the negation of all the objectives claimed for Pan-Americanism.

But he made it plain that he was not, like so many of his countrymen, afflicted with "gringophobia." In his own mind the distinction between the American people and those who occasionally misrepresent them in Washington —or in Mexico City—was unmistakable. I recall the par-

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ticular pleasure with which he stressed the opening, two years before, of the University of Mexico Summer School, designed especially for American students of Spanish.

Finally my appreciation of Obregon's personality was strengthened by the conviction that he was without pose, a characteristic—shared, incidentally, by Calles—which I consider rare in Mexico's public men, judged from the many I have met. But, turning aside from his admitted charm, what has been Obregon's contribution to the Mexico which is still reforming in the crucible of revolution?

That contribution will, I think, be increasingly valued as the years go on. Judged over the extremely long period of fifteen years in which Obregon was a power, his humanitarianism was conspicuous. One must measure his acts by Mexican standards and against the background of turmoil and bloodshed, and without losing sight of the pernicious forces at all times ready to plunge the country into chaos. In a country steeped in the tradition that only a ruthless tyrant can maintain himself, Obregon was anything but sanguinary. He repeatedly offered amnesty to his opponents in the field. Indeed the narrowest escapes of his public career—as in the De la Huerta rebellion—were due to the fact that he did not deal drastically and summarily enough with scoundrels and traitors.

Under Obregon the Mexican press was free, as it had been only for brief periods under Juarez and Madero. It is one of Obregon's imperishable monuments that even when the De la Huerta rebellion broke out and his government was in the most imminent peril, Obregon waved aside a perturbed and solemn delegation from the capital's press seeking instructions with: "Write whatever your conscience dictates." And there was no cryptic significance in those words. The newspapers repaid this rare generosity by remaining malevolently neutral (benevolent toward the rebellion) and only subsequently, when Calles, most regrettably in my opinion, departed from this fine example of press freedom, did the newspapers begin retrospectively to appreciate Obregon's attitude.

Obregon's career was cut short in the fulness of its potentialities; he can be judged only on what he did. This was to bring a very large measure of peace out a desperate chaos; to give the long-deferred and urgently needed revolutionary reforms in land, labor, and in cultural self-expression their first opportunity to materialize. Above all he launched the Mexican educational renaissance.

Obregon's mistakes were largely political. He often allowed personal friendship to dictate the use of his influence in state elections. He allowed the army a very free rein to pursue the iniquitous pillage which has characterized Mexican militarism since the birth of the Mexican nation. But even so he did not satisfy the uniformed looters, as the De la Huerta uprising revealed. "Effective suffrage and no reelection"—the first and outstanding revolutionary premise made little progress under Obregon.

For Mexico his death at this moment is an irreparable tragedy. Calles fortunately remains. But the burden of leading the Mexican nation out of bondage is too heavy for any one man. In a very definite way Calles and Obregon were complementary to each other. Calles in his four years showed far more material achievement than did Obregon. The Calles regime was the surgical, the operative period of Mexican reconstruction. Obregon's second term would have proved, much as his first term had been, the post-operative, the curative, the healing period. Both periods were and are essential if Mexico is to recover from the multiplicity and complexity of her social and political diseases.

Plays in Central Europe

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Paris, July 3

THOSE Americans who still dream of Vienna as the last refuge of the "Continental spirit" and who hope to find an asylum there when the last Frenchman has been lost among the crowd of Middle Western tourists swarming upon the Boulevard des Italiens, will be pained to learn that this year Vienna herself celebrated Mother's Day and that the co-citizens of Anatol have just passed successfully through a National Cheese Week.

They may, however, rest assured that, such signs notwithstanding, the wave of Americanization which has swept over Germany has not yet engulfed her sister republic and that the culture of Vienna was not essentially changed (however much it may have been enfeebled) by the war. Berlin recovered by transforming itself; Vienna seems to have preferred to remain what she was even if to do so means to sink into relative desuetude. The atmosphere is still, as always, more that of a formal garden than of a metropolis; the people still prefer light music to industry; and they still stroll (instead of rush) through the parks, which are still lined with orderly row upon row of flowering horse chestnuts. Moscow is less than forty-eight hours away, but I am as sure that Vienna cannot imagine the existence of a city so frowzily energetic, any more than Moscow can imagine the existence of one where life is so indolently agreeable.

Mr. Sil-Vara, one of whose plays is to be produced in New York next season by the Theater Guild, assures me that though plays are still occasionally written here there is nothing in the country which even the most determined optimism could call a dramatic movement. Indeed it looks as though Vienna, which has already, of course, ceased to be a world capital, would cease to be a theatrical capital as well. The Burg Theater still offers a standard repertory, the Raimond Theater still gives good solid plays for a more popular audience, and Jeritza still sings at the opera during such time as she can spare from more profitable engagements at the Metropolitan; but Reinhardt dominates the scene and Reinhardt—the establishment at Salzburg notwithstanding—now belongs essentially to Berlin, whose taste he follows in the Berlin productions which are later brought on to Vienna.

And if Vienna can no longer be classed among the great theatrical capitals, which are now New York, London, Moscow, and Paris, the same is still more conspicuously true of Budapest, where no one seems to be hopeful or happy except the chauvinist, who is able to exist upon the nourishment contained in two empty words, "Magyar Independence," and

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where Molnar is said recently to have refused the offer of the State Theater to put on one of his plays with the remark: "If I want fame I can get it in Berlin; if I want money I can get it in New York." As for Prague, I could discover not a single play by a native author. The last effort of the redoubtable brothers Capek (a failure called "Adam the Creator") had closed before I arrived, and when the director of one of the leading theaters told me, after long thought, that I could not do better there than to see a production of Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" I beat a hasty retreat. It is true that he assured me that the present had been an unusually disappointing season in Prague, but as this remark was the last I had heard before leaving New York and as it had been repeated to me in every city I had visited (except Moscow), I did not attach too much importance to it.

At the present moment, then, Central Europe does not seem to have any distinct theatrical character of its own; the best the visitor can hope for is to find a rare native play possessing some interest or to catch a French or other piece on tour. At the Raimond Theater in Vienna I saw a production of the somber folk-tragedy "Der Judas von Tirol," written many years ago by the locally famous Karl Schönherr, and I heard a new operetta by Lehar (of "The Merry Widow" fame) which has some very pleasant music strictly in the old Viennese tradition; but the two pieces most likely to reach America are "Hocus-Pocus" and the new Molnar comedy, "Olympia."

Though I happened to see "Hocus-Pocus" in Vienna, the play was written by a young German of no great literary pretensions named Kurt Goetz, and in spite of the fact that it is tenuous to the last possible degree it has by now been played with success over a considerable part of Europe. It begins with a prologue in the course of which a theatrical director, driven to desperation by the lack of promising plays, begins to read a manuscript to his company; and the play consists of a presentation of this manuscript which occurs, I presume, in the minds of his hearers. The chief scene takes place in the courtroom, where a beautiful murderess is on trial for her life, and the chief interest, at least from my point of view, lies in the fact that the play is essentially an attempt to imitate those American crime and mystery plays which have been so successful in Europe. The first act is full of the mysterious warnings and unexpected apparitions belonging to the genre; in the second the beautiful murderess flirts decorously with the whole courtroom while the most damning possible evidence is piled mountain-high against her; and in the third she (having been, of course, acquitted) gives a little dinner party, where the judge, the prosecuting attorney, and her own lawyer foregather to do homage to her charm.

The author has endeavored to combine melodrama and satirical extravaganza in a fashion very much like that in which the author of the typical American mystery play combines melodrama and farce, but though his play does succeed in being mildly entertaining I must confess my frank opinion that in general the European attempts to imitate these American plays which they regard with mingled wonder and contempt are not especially successful. They are far too self-conscious and far too lacking in the vulgar force which gives the American prototype such power as they have. Compared, for example, with "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Hocus-Pocus" is essentially feeble in spite of its efforts to be satirical. Its author may very well be wittier, more sophisticated, and, in a word, more "civilized" than the authors of most American crime plays, but these are not the qualities necessary for this particular kind of writing and are, indeed, perhaps the very things which make it impossible for him to achieve the wholehearted, thoroughgoing absurdity which makes "Mary Dugan" effective.

Molnar's "Olympia" (not yet performed anywhere outside of Budapest) is, it goes without saying, at least thoroughly European. A minor German princess snubs the serious proposal of a humble young army officer with whom she has been flirting. Seeking revenge, he inspires a report that he is in reality an international swindler and when the frightened Princess Olympia and her still more frightened mother ask him how much he demands as the price of a disappearance, he replies that he desires only one thing—to pass the night with Olympia. Next morning—this price having been meanwhile and perhaps not too reluctantly paid—the legend of his criminal reputation is exploded and the Princess intimates that she no longer considers the difference in rank between them an unsurmountable barrier. But the officer, still smarting from the original snub, finds revenge sweeter than love. He assures her that he would not dream of asking such a sacrifice and he disappears.

The combined malice and suavity of the play serve to remind one that Molnar has at least a style, that his rather brutal wit is all of one piece, and that he is sometimes capable, as here, of following out the logic of that wit to its ultimate unromantic conclusion. "Olympia" is contemptuously "theatrical" and completely "unreal," but its expertness demands a certain respect, and one cannot but feel that its author at least knows what he wants to do and does it with complete success. Doubtless the piece will be given in America and doubtless it will have a considerable vogue.

In Budapest I saw also a reigning success called "The Chalk Circle," written by a young German who goes by the pseudonym Klabund, but the play is constructed around a Chinese theme, a bit of artificial naivete not unlike our own once-famous "Yellow Jacket" and hardly likely to reach New York. That is about all that, for the moment, Budapest has to offer except the Hungarian premiere of "Abris Rozsaja," which I considered it my patriotic duty to attend.

Miss Nichols's masterpiece has undergone certain necessary transformations. Since the Irish are as unknown in Hungary as Fiji Islanders they had to disappear and be replaced by ordinary Catholics. Though this would seem to deprive the play of whatever point it might be said to have, it shows, nevertheless, every sign of becoming a success and as I watched the familiar action unroll amid shouts of alien laughter I felt constrained to give Miss Nichols her due. "Abie's Irish Rose" must deserve its success. There is a power in it greater than art and greater than that nature which was so rashly said to make all the world kin—the power, of course, of the commonplace.

Many quite ordinary people can achieve a banality sufficient to unite all America or all Germany or all England, but the banality of "Abie" is not merely national. Its author has discovered the lowest common denominator not only of one country but of all countries; she has unearthed jokes so old that they are as pleasantly familiar on the banks of the Danube as on the banks of the Rhine or the Hudson, and she has achieved a general insipidity so perfectly characterless that it makes all people one. Nothing less than genius could accomplish that.

[*Mr. Krutch will follow this letter with two more—one on the Paris and one on the London theaters.*]

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In the Driftway

QUALIFICATIONS for public office have always puzzled the Drifter. What are they? He does his duty by the daily newspaper and the radio, he listens to what various candidates put forward as reasons why he should vote for them, but he remains puzzled and unconvinced. Why do these aspirants for office make themselves appear so dull and uninspired? As dog-days approach and our various Presidential candidates prepare to present their ideas, principles, and personal charms, if any, to a perspiring public, the Drifter turns with relief to the records of a long-gone campaign in another country.

* * * * *

IN France in 1848 most of the leading novelists—Victor Hugo, Dumas, Eugene Sue, Alphonse Karr, and Paul de Kock—presented themselves as parliamentary candidates. Dumas was practical and specific in setting forth his particular qualifications—for which the Drifter is indebted to a correspondent. Said Dumas:

> Without counting six years of education, four years as a lawyer, seven years of office work, I have worked twenty years for ten hours a day. During these twenty years I have composed 400 books and thirty-five dramas.

The novelist calculated the total income which these volumes had brought to compositors, paper-makers, pamphleteers, literary societies, libraries, commission agents, etc., and the dramas to managers, actors, costumers, supernumeraries, firemen, timber merchants, oil merchants, bill-stickers, charwomen, agents, mechanics, hair-dressers, etc., and he concluded:

> Counting in the year 300 working days, my books have kept 690 people in constant employment, and my dramas have given employment to 347 persons for the past ten years. Multiplying this figure by three for the whole province, there are 1,041 people who have been kept in constant employment. Add the work-women, leaders of the claque, and the cabmen: total 1,485 people. My dramas and books have therefore found work for 2,150 people.

It was a magnificent claim; but his rival put in a greater one. It was known to all France, said Paul de Kock, that he sat at his window on the Boulevard Saint Michel every afternoon. Every visitor to Paris wanted to have a look at him. They all went to the boulevard and returned from it by omnibus. This had been going on for twenty years and had put enormous sums into the pocket of the omnibus company. He continued:

> A crowd of women whose names I do not wish to disclose, but whose addresses I will willingly give to anyone who wishes, have asked me for my portrait. I have had about 3,000 photographs taken. Other women, still more in love with my works, have begged for my autograph or a lock of my hair.

* * * * *

THE Drifter maintains that these are excellent examples of the politician's art. The only fly in the ointment is the fact that both candidates were rejected in favor of more prosaic and conventional nominees. Perhaps the tactics of Herbert Hoover and Al Smith are the ones that win, after all—in spite of THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Daughter Is a Daughter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Great-Aunt Rachel Wilson was a woman of great stability, a daughter of a soldier of the Revolutionary War, who lived for many years in the small village of Quiet Dell. The very active chapter in a near-by town appointed a committee to wait upon her with a view to making her a charter member since she was an "original daughter." "Join?", she exclaimed. "Join? Why should I join? I *am* one."

Clarksburg, West Virginia, June 25 MARY OGDEN

Curtis's Indian Blood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The nomination of Senator Curtis for Vice-President is a striking illustration of the state of racial discrimination in the United States today. In the campaign biography it is frankly told that the Senator is a descendant of a chieftain of a Middle Western tribe of Indians and that during his boyhood he lived for a period in the tribal manner. If anyone is inclined to interpret the acceptance of a candidate with such a background as evidence of racial tolerance, let him reflect upon the chances of being named to a similar post which a man of Negro blood would have. One needs only to recall that during the campaign of the late President Harding the whispers that he had "colored" blood in his veins grew to such a damaging extent that it was finally thought necessary to make a public denial.

Even as a member of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race, it seems to me that the Negroes have cause for much bitterness when they contemplate this situation. For both of these primitive races, the red and the black, contact with the white man has been disastrous. The Indian has been betrayed, conquered, pauperized, and is now facing extinction. Out of the wreck of his old culture but one thing has been saved; there is no social stigma on his race, a fact for which the romantic episode of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith may have more than a little to do. The star of the red man seems to have almost touched its azimuth. The black man, on the other hand, began life on this continent as a slave. A war and an awakening public consciousness gave him his freedom. In the South he still has very doubtful legal rights (witness the latest lynching at Houston, Texas) although in the North he may soon have a member of his race serving as his Representative in the august House of Representatives. Economically, socially, and artistically, his star is proceeding steadily toward its zenith. How galling, then, must be that Anglo-Saxon conceit that a white man's blood is enriched by the addition of one primitive strain (red) but that it is forever polluted by another primitive strain (black).

In the spirit of fairness, may the time be not far distant when the man whose ancestors may have lived in a village of Africa will be eligible to the same political posts as the one whose forebears lived in a teepee.

New York, June 21 ERIC KIEL

The Candy White List

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 657 of the June 13 issue of *The Nation* is an editorial about the "White List" being promulgated by the Consumers' League of New York, on which appear the names of fifty-seven candy manufacturers.

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The editorial starts out by assuming that it would be a good thing to reduce the amount of candy eaten in the country. In its body its states that the Consumers' League, after making an investigation of factories in New York, did not seek a remedy for conditions "through impossible or probably futile legislation." It also reports the minimum wage of $14 required by the league with apparent favor, and yet refers to a wage of $13.75 as woefully low.

It might interest *The Nation* to know that the investigation referred to was started and carried through for exactly the purpose you have said was not intended—that is, to encourage the passage of a definite piece of legislation in New York State, i.e., the Brereton amendment to the Labor law.

Aside from the wage question (intended to be reached through the Brereton amendment, and which is not confined to the candy industry) the so-called standards of the league are neither more nor less than those specified in the laws and regulations of the city and State of New York. If the State did not succeed in enforcing them, how can it be supposed that the league, with a less numerous force of inspectors than the State, can succeed in doing so?

Philadelphia, June 15 EUGENE PHARO,
Editor, *Confectioners Journal*

The Carib Syndicate

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article in your issue of July 11 describing efforts of the Anglo-Persian, a British government company, to obtain through the so-called Yates Concession in Colombia a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal, I mentioned an alleged connection between the British Dutch-Shell oil interests and the (American) Carib Syndicate in the Barco Concession in another part of Colombia. My information was from official sources. I am now informed, however, by a representative of the Carib Syndicate that his organization operates a Venezuelan property jointly with Dutch-Shell but that there is no British interest either in Carib Syndicate or in the Barco Concession of Colombia.

Washington, D. C., July 11 LUDWELL DENNY

More Pay for Jurors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to suggest that you start a movement to bring about an increase in the pay of federal jurors, which is now miserably low, only $3 per day.

When this rate was established $3 represented the wage of the average skilled union mechanic, but, as you know, this is now about $8 per day and a juror should not be paid less. No doubt such an increase would not appeal to big-business men, but there are many hundreds of thousands of bright, intelligent, small business men whose income averages more than $8 per day who would be willing to give up some time to jury service if paid this rate, but to whom it would be a hardship to serve for $3 per day.

Oak Park, Illinois, June 18 GEORGE SELENINE

How to Hold Outdoor Meetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 18 you compare the treatment accorded to the representatives of the All-America Anti-Imperialism League with that accorded to a fundamentalist preacher, to the discredit of the police.

Representatives of the Women's Peace Society have held meetings, not only in Wall Street, week after week, but in other parts of the city, and have denounced the Coolidge war in Nicaragua, the sending of battleships to China, and the unsavory part played by Wall Street in the raping of Haiti in no uncertain terms.

It is my custom to notify the Commissioner of Police each spring that the Women's Peace Society plans to resume its outdoor work, thank them for past cooperation, and express confidence in their willingness to cooperate in future. We do not ask for a permit, because "permits" or licenses are granted only to religious organizations.

As loyal coworkers of our late beloved founder and chairman, Fanny Garrison Villard, we practice, to the best of our ability, the non-resistant, uncompromising pacifism of William Lloyd Garrison. And it works. The police are most courteous and helpful. Any act to the contrary needs only to be reported to the commissioner to receive the amende honorable. I regret conflicts between radical groups and the police. They could be avoided. It is all a matter of tactics.

I have held suffrage meetings and Irish republican meetings at Columbus Circle against the protests of Englishmen and of the 104th Regiment recruiting corps, with the precinct captain on my side (he umpired the decision as to priority right to the corner), and the pacifist meetings as well, all of the most amiable description.

A knowledge of one's rights, friendly insistence that they be respected by audience and police alike, and a sense of humor are the only equipment needed to conduct outdoor demonstrations successfully.

New York, July 16 ANNIE E. GRAY,
Executive Secretary, W. P. S.

THEATERS

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Books

For a Few Hours

By MARIE LUHRS

Swinging our hard chains of living we met—
  Burdened like oxen with care;
We watched the suns of the days rise and set
  Through drooping, sorrowful hair.

Through drooping hair our eyes kindled together—
  That we might endure pain
And all the beatings of the changeful weather
  And the solemn swinging chain,

We were given each other. Eyes and eyes
  Fused in flame for a few hours.
Now weighted and wingless and bowed we rise
  Trailing our loops of light flowers.

To a Friend

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

This is not love that in your absence finds
The world so rich in sun, flowers so cool
And perfect in their pattern, the several kinds
Of music means to put my heart to school.
If you could move me, nothing else but you
Could move me, yet each hour observes me touched
By an odor or a color or a clue
To wisdom that is only in torment clutched.
And there are those whom my obedient veins
Confess their master—you have not shouldered those
From my thought's terraces to the blind lanes
Whose shrunken haws commemorate the rose.
This is not love that is so empty of need,
So pulseless, acquiescent, without pain,
And yet the weather of your mind will feed
My spirit's root when we can meet again.

Schoolroom Chaos

The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy. By N. Ogynov. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

THERE is an old Russian saying which, roughly translated, runs: "Our cottages stand far apart, and I don't know what you are talking about." The educational cottages of Soviet Russia stand very far apart from those of the rest of the world, and to a majority outside its borders the authorized publication of this book must be an enigma. For "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy" is frankly a picture of schoolroom chaos.

Kostya Riabtsov, aged sixteen, the nominal keeper of the "Diary," reports on September 15 that no one knows when school is to start. "Sechas," he was probably told when he asked—"Within the hour." On September 20 it does start and is "fearfully noisy and rowdy." On September 27 he learns that the Dalton plan has been introduced, "a system under which the skworkers (school-teachers) do nothing and the pupils have to find everything out for themselves." On November 28, in the school paper, *Red Scholar*, he writes: "Once a month tasks are given out on each subject, and we have to work independently. The teacher only tells you what books to consult, but you can't get the books anywhere, and to buy them is, of course, out of the question. . . . There is no way of working in the labs. because of the noise. . . . Damn, damn, damn Dalton!"

The direct management of the school is divided between a pupils' council and a teachers' council, the former persistently vociferous on the subject of its rights. Should they be seriously violated, the bell is rung to summon a general meeting, with results as follows: "Everybody dropped his books there and then; those answering questions in the labs. dashed off in the middle of a sentence. The skworkers were flabbergasted."

This is all perfectly intelligible to the occupant of a non-Communist cottage, granted one theory—namely, that the Soviet in mood of commendable, if incomprehensible, frankness has at last decided to confess its own inefficiency. The present writer, however, can prove such a theory to be untenable. In 1923, the year this "Diary" begins, on a second visit to School No. 58, Moscow, she found the headmistress almost in tears. The inspector of the Sokolnichy District, in a report published in the Moscow *Pravda*, had said nasty things about her conduct. Her discipline, he complained, was too good! The present writer, who had been saved by a strong-armed janitor from a mob of youngsters interested among other things in her clothes, had got the impression that it was pretty rotten. So far apart were the cottages in which the inspector and herself had been reared!

The explanation of this officially approved "Diary," then, must be sought elsewhere. The truth, however distasteful, is that the Soviets are still unashamed. In fact, as a god with ideas of his own about shaping a world might welcome an inchoate mass of whirling matter, so do the Soviets welcome the chaos which permits them to shape the youth of Russia to their own ends. Opinions may differ about the desirability of those ends, but no unprejudiced reader can deny the value, the interest, even the tangible achievement of the Soviet educational experiment as shown by this "Diary." Apart from the failure to provide books, an economic matter still possibly beyond Soviet control, the rulers of Russia are doing what they set out to do and what many orthodox teachers claim they do. They are *educing* to the best of their ability the native capacities of each girl and boy.

It seems trite to say that Kostya Riabtsov and his companions are learning how rationally to face life and its complex personal and social problems, but it is none the less definitely true. Take the question of sex, the parents' supposed nightmare in this post-war world. The pupils themselves here propound the question. "Can boys and girls in our schools be friends?" asks the *Reel*, a wall-sheet published by the United Collectivity of Junior Groups. Answers are invited. Here is one: "I understand friendship in two ways. First, there must be a collective friendship between boys and girls which, I think, is possible. But there is also another kind of friendship—that between individuals. Such friendship can exist between a special boy and girl but not between any boy and girl." Educated in a non-Communist cottage, that pupil would undoubtedly have written an essay on Platonic Friendship. As it was, he simply worked out the idea from his own experience, and stated his conclusions baldly.

Russia, too, has its petting and hooch parties, "cabbage nights" as they are called, and Kostya Riabtsov, uninstructed in conventional morality, nevertheless feels uneasy about these affairs. He asks himself: "Are they worthy of a young Communist, one marching in the vanguard of a rising generation?" He decides they are not.

He is no better instructed on religion than on morality, and is in fact a worker, a volunteer, on behalf of the Soviet anti-religious propaganda. But not even the revered Soviet, it seems, can teach him always to be rational. Enthusiasm must have its place. He finds it in the "revolutionary passion" with-

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out which life, he declares, would be impossible. Naturally, being sixteen, he finds relief, too, in schoolboy humor, football, and other games.

The temptation to quote at length from this book is strong, so arresting is its attitude toward life and so extraordinary the life it shows. It reveals more than the Soviet experiments in education, for there are also quick flashes vivifying the everyday tests to which pet Soviet theories are being subjected. We see the attempt to forge the *smeetchki* (the word echoes in your sleep in Russia), the link so ardently desired between peasant and industrial worker. It makes amusing reading—for the Soviet's critics.

Of course the author of this book says his age is thirty-six and his real name Mikhail Grigoryevich Rozanov. He may by using his imagination and experience as a teacher have invented the whole "Diary." Or he may through good luck or a gift have acquired it. It has been described as a Soviet joke on the outside world. My personal opinion is that it is pure fact, and I base that on an experience of schools and schoolchildren in Moscow, Samara, Kazan, and Leningrad. I could not talk to them in their language, but I could see their work, hear their voices, and feel their hands. They were only emerging then from the shadow of the famine and living often on less than an "eighth of bread." Yet they left on me such an impression of strength, endurance, high spirits, and searching intelligence as confirmed me for life in my preconceived optimism about their country. I have heard a couple of them "sass" a relief-worker even while they were eating a gift of food, explaining that the gift would not have been necessary if the outside world only treated Russia fairly. To the honor of the worker and his friends, I would like to add that his come-back was a valuable concession for the shaving of certain American chins and the shining of certain American shoes. Wherefore his flower vases were filled with lilacs and lily-of-the-valley, probably pinched from somebody's garden.

NORAH MEADE

Houdini

Houdini: His Life-Story from the Recollections and Documents of Beatrice Houdini. By Harold Kellock. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction; at any rate, the fiction of Horatio Alger. For in the life of Harry Houdini the quintessence of all the lives of Alger's heroes was refined and distilled—the obscure origin of little Ehrich Weiss, the poverty-stricken, hard-laboring youth, the innumerable struggles against adversity followed by the sudden leap of Houdini the Magnificent into enduring wealth and fame—save that he had one trait which no Algerian hero even remotely possessed: a genius as incredible as it was inexplicable. In his own peculiar way Houdini was as much of a character, an "original," as was Barnum, John L. Sullivan, Jesse James, Abraham Lincoln, the Black Douglas, Richard the Lion-Hearted, or Saint Francis of Assisi. Indeed, in one important respect Houdini stands above all these rivals. Folk-lore made them largely what they are; but Houdini was, and is, his own folk-lore. He can be explained only in terms of himself—in other words, he cannot be explained. He "just growed" and that is all.

And yet not quite all. Three fairly distinct elements helped make him the supreme, the incomparable artist that he was. He trained himself to be absolutely fearless; for had fear ever gripped him when he was locked in a three-by-three safe fitted with a combination lock whose numbers stretched to infinity, or when he was placed head downward in a can full of water which in turn was incased in an iron-bound chest whose lid was spiked down and fastened all around with padlocks, his end would have been very speedy. Furthermore, he was probably the most perfect physical specimen of his day; he was 160 pounds of solid, steely muscle capped by an abnormally quick and fertile brain. And finally, he worked prodigiously. For months at a stretch, several times a day, he inured himself to stay under water in his own bathtub until he was able to live without fresh air for four minutes and sixteen seconds; he also constantly practiced slow-breathing exercises so that he might last within the cramped confines of a safe or an under-water box long enough to free himself; he apprenticed himself to a locksmith, scoured the earth for new handcuffs and all manner of nasty contraptions, and ransacked libraries on the subject until there was no variety of lock with whose intricacies he was not familiar. If, as the saying goes, nature did much for him, he probably did even more for himself.

No prison ever made, and no device conceived by the cleverest of locksmiths or carpenters, ever held him long. After he had succeeded in escaping from almost all the notorious jails of Europe, Scotland Yard foolishly tried its hand on the modern Old Man of the Sea. The superintendent, highly amused at the idea that anyone should attempt to escape from the Yard's manacles, encircled Houdini's arms about a pillar, snapped a pair of handcuffs around his wrists, and, with the laughing remark, "I'm going to leave you here and come back for you in a couple of hours," started toward the exit. "Wait!" Houdini called. "I'll go with you," and he tossed the gyves on the floor and walked away from the pillar. The aghast superintendent extended his hand and paid the highest compliment of which British aplomb was capable. "Scotland Yard won't forget you, young man," he reverently observed. On another occasion a heavy chain was put around Houdini's neck and crossed over his breast, each end was fastened to an arm above the elbow, his hands were handcuffed behind him, and he was tossed overboard from a tug in Aberdeen harbor. A howling gale was blowing, and indeed one man had already been washed overboard and drowned that morning; the men on the tug therefore tried to persuade Houdini to desist, but he refused to listen. In precisely eighteen seconds after he had been dumped into the raging surf he reappeared with his hands free. Once he was manacled in the triple-safe cell that had formerly held Charles Guiteau. In two minutes he had escaped, and then, seized with a grimly humorous idea, he quickly unlocked the doors of the cell in the corridor and transferred all the dangerous criminals to other cells. On reading of Houdini's various exploits, in fact, one can only repeat the profound ejaculation of an amazed Chinese magician who was watching the greatest of magicians at his work. "That's not a trick, gentlemen," he said in a preternaturally solemn tone. "That's a gift."

Perhaps some idea of Houdini's astounding agility and resourcefulness may be best conveyed by giving his schedule for one week in Boston during February, 1907. On Monday he escaped from an iron boiler that had been bolted and riveted by employees of the Riverside Boiler Works—escaped without leaving any discoverable egress in the boiler. At the Tuesday matinee he was laced inside a giant football and emerged in a brief space of time—the football, seemingly at least, was intact. In the evening he quickly got out of a hamper made of hoop-iron fastened together with padlocks. On Thursday he freed himself from a bed made to hold insane patients, and also popped out of a locked roll-top desk without disturbing the lock or the desk. Next day he was incased in a 24 x 30 x 36 box made of three-eighths-inch glass which was bolted together with strips of steel that in turn were padlocked—when he emerged the glass was unbroken. On Saturday he merely performed some tricks of magic and escaped from a straitjacket. His diary at the end of the week reads thus: "Had easy day, left on the midnight for New York."

His character was a curious compound of childlike oddities. A strenuous fighter against mediums and spiritualists, he yet vainly hoped that some means of communication with the dead might be discovered so that he might speak with his dead mother. After each visit to a new seance had ended in failure, he would visit his mother's grave, lie at full length upon it, and

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whisper: "Well, mamma, I have not heard." He always refused to undertake any hazardous stunt on Friday, but his assistants, knowing his weakness for dates, would often rearrange the calendar. Equally generous and stingy, he was always throwing out thousands of dollars to provide for the maintenance of the graves of some obscure magicians, prodigally buying expensive books and pictures, and fretting because he had to pay so much to get his pants pressed. In his personal habits he was as happy-go-lucky as a boy. He never changed his shirts or his socks until he was compelled to do so; at any time a tan sock might be seen adorning one of his ankles while a blue one blossomed on the other; and for thirty-three years Mrs. Houdini regularly scrubbed his ears.

Houdini's head was still buzzing with new schemes when an accidental blow caused the attack of acute appendicitis that killed him in his prime. He was planning to take courses in English to improve his rather too individual idiom; he was devising a trick in which, frozen inside a cake of artificial ice in full view of his audience, he was to escape, also in full view of the audience, leaving the ice intact; he was doing a world of good in exposing the trickery of mediums and the open-mouthed credulity of their followers. Had he lived a few years longer, perhaps he might even have disturbed the charming naivete of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle concerning dear little dancing fairies (animated rag-dolls), and ectoplasm (the lung tissue of animals)—Sir Arthur, whose own Sherlock Holmes Houdini had out-Sherlocked in so many ways. In any case his complete silence since his death, despite the many attempts made to communicate with him, furnishes perhaps the strongest argument against the spiritualists; for certainly if any ghost could escape from the confines of Elysium or Hades or Nirvana or Heaven and bob up somewhere on the earth, that ghost would be Harry Houdini.

R. F. DIBBLE

The Theory of Liberalism

The History of European Liberalism. By Guido de Ruggiero. Translated by R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. $5.50.

THE democratic ferment inaugurated by the American and French revolutions ushered in a century of release. Indeed, once the ice was broken, there was no obvious conclusion. Thus by the end of the century we find the principles of the French Declaration of the Rights of Man of 1791 translated into the constitutional law of the states of Western Europe. We see the removal of racial and religious barriers from the enjoyment of the full panoply of citizenship. We note the universal recognition of national liberty as it was realized that self-government is incompatible with alien domination. It is true that for the vast masses this emancipation was largely illusory, for in the most significant aspect of their lives they were subject to an authority not answerable to them. Yet the extension of the franchise, the growth of trade unions and cooperative societies, and the emergence of socialist parties trained the masses for a greater penetration subsequently of the sources of power. Thus in significant spheres of human relationship the Liberal reverence for the dignity of personality found concrete expression.

Signor de Ruggiero's volume on "The History of European Liberalism" is hence in essence a history of the time-spirit of the last century. In a lengthy introduction the author presents a review of the political thought of the eighteenth century. It is strange, incidentally, that he does not make a single reference to Locke. During the nineteenth century the stream of Liberalism was divided into various national tributaries. Hence the author gives, in the first part of the book, separate sections to the development of Liberalism in England, France, Germany, and Italy respectively. He stresses frequently the different nature of English Liberalism, based on tradition, from that of French, derived from speculative doctrines. He surveys the thought of De Tocqueville, Mill, Green, Spencer, Mazzini, and a host of lesser prophets. Signor de Ruggiero is undoubtedly correct in saying that the mantle of Mill rests on Professor Hobhouse. However, his reference to Professor Hobhouse is based on "Liberalism" (1911); a later and more comprehensive statement by Professor Hobhouse may be found in his "Elements of Social Justice" (1921). The discussion of Italian Liberalism is highly informative, for it clearly demonstrates the frail structure of democracy there. As a historian of thought, the author shows wide knowledge and penetrating insight. His is a reflective mind of a high order.

More debatable is his exposition, in the second part of the book, of his own doctrine of Liberalism. To him, Liberalism is both an attitude and a method. Its underlying tenet is liberty, capacity for growth. It culminates in the Liberal state. The chief function of the Liberal state is to synthesize the varied elements in society. In it administration is widely decentralized, certain individual rights are withdrawn from state interference, and the legal responsibility of functionaries is enforced. To Signor de Ruggiero, Liberalism is not congenial to universal suffrage and to socialism, for democracy brings declining faith in individual spontaneity, while socialism has degraded the state into an arena of class selfishness. Liberalism, too, favors the separation of church and state. It encourages national freedom, but not imperialism. With the pulverization of the middle class, which was the mainstay of Liberalism, it now faces an attack both from capitalist imperialism and from proletarian socialism. Yet its spirit, the author concludes, is still vital, and it is now the special function of Liberals to suffuse the entire population with its lasting qualities.

The competence with which Signor de Ruggiero's view is presented does not conceal its inherent limitations. For, indeed, from Liberalism, as he expounds it, we may expect neither an intelligent dissection of the state and of property nor an attempt at solutions. His restatement emphatically reveals that the eclipse of the Liberal parties is inevitable. Indeed, he is still in the intellectual atmosphere of De Tocqueville and Green. He offers generally the attitude of such Liberal publicists and politicians as Nitti, Miliukov, Morley, Bryce, and Asquith, men whose political education was completed half a century ago. To Signor de Ruggiero, England between 1832 and 1867 or France under Louis-Philippe set the ideal. Liberalism, to him, has become a mystic symbol void of critical content. Whatever may be its past and its speculative background, his view is, in the ultimate, indistinguishable from avowedly conservative opinion. To be sure, critical political thought must regard the past of Liberalism not as an impassable limit but as a point for further advance. It must reinterpret the noble Liberal ideal of veneration for the personalities of ordinary men in the perspective of the issues of our day. For such an effort the path to be pursued is well indicated by Hobhouse, Laski, and the Webbs.

LEWIS ROCKOW

India: Beautiful and Terrifying

An Indian Journey. By Waldemar Bonsels. Albert and Charles Boni. $4.

TO Mr. Bonsels the way to understand India is not through study of her ancient monuments and literature, great and important as these are, nor by observation of her inhabitants in the most developed aspects of their modern culture. These studies come later; they are the finial on the spire. First one must learn to know India's soil and mountains and rivers, her animal life, and come to understand man there as set in his primitive environment. India is more than the human; and we cannot know the human part until we know the rest, from which it has sprung.

He penetrates for us the mystery of the Hindu's return to

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nature and the lonely places when he undertakes the religious quest—"let him wander alone" is the admonition of many an ancient text—for in undisturbed meditation in the silences of the jungle or in the cool shelter of the caves of Ellora with the spread of the plains before him he will reach the heart of the universe, comprehend the mystical, which "is not the dark or the obscure . . . not the fantastic portent of incomprehensible or mysterious processes. The mystical, in its profoundest sense, involves rather a certitude of eternal truths operating beyond our ken."

When I lived as a boy in India, played with animals or hunted them, walked through the fields and jungle, had much of my life with the peasants, I had a faint glimmer of the things Mr. Bonsels writes about here with so much power and beauty. Later studies slowly drew me, all unaware, away from this early feeling for India and the Indians as part of nature, turned my attention to human accomplishments, and brought me to look upon the country as one of great cities, splendid literature, brilliant art, noble religions, profound and difficult philosophy. Only the reading of folk-tales carried me back from time to time to the India of my boyhood. But now Mr. Bonsels's description of his wanderings, his philosophizing and prose poetry have recaptured for me these early scarce-realized impressions, brought them to life again, given them a sudden growth, and filled them with meaning.

No such book has ever before been written about India. It is not a travel book, because the journey is of importance only as it inspires thought. Nor is it an exposition of anything. It is the record of impressions made upon a mind of extreme sensitiveness to beauty and to life, of one who is a philosopher, yet not an academician, and a poet who continually passes from sensuousness to pure thought. His India is a land of beautiful and terrifying nature, where life and death easily flow into each other, inhabited by an unlimited and fearful animal kingdom, yet one strangely sympathetic to man. In this environment the Hindu grew up as inevitably as did the palm.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Books in Brief

Sex and Repression in Savage Society. By Bronislaw Malinowski. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Dr. Malinowski has approached this problem with exceeding breadth of perspective and refreshing clarity. The work will no doubt be welcomed as a unique addition to the science of empirical culture. Sex repression in general, the author holds, is determined very largely by social and cultural factors which center around the family unit as a nucleus. He discovers an interesting difference between the types of repression in two culturally antithetical societies, namely the European and the Melanesian. The former adheres to a patrilineal descendency and the latter to a matrilineal one. Hence in the place of the Oedipus complex, which he grants is prevalent in the European civilization, the author finds a matriarchal family complex among the Melanesians. The latter complex is characterized by unconscious hate fantasies directed toward the eldest maternal uncle, who is invested with the authority to enforce the taboos, and by autistic expressions of brother-sister incest cravings. Every intelligent reader will find many new and stimulating ideas in this book.

The Capture of Old Vincennes. The Original Narrative of George Rogers Clark and of His Opponent, Governor Henry Hamilton. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Milo M. Quaife. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Opinions have differed as to how much credit is really due to the military genius of Clark, though in the reviewer's opinion the tendency has been rather to overrate than to underestimate the part he played in the conquest of the Northwest. It is always interesting to have the personal narrative of the participant in any enterprise, though there is too often a tendency for the hero in the drama to enhance his talents. In the present instance we have the narrative of Clark as written more than a decade after the occurrence of the events recorded, and it is a question how far such a record can be trusted. That this record has value there can be no doubt, but it would be interesting to compare it with the one Clark is said to have written to his friend George Mason in 1779, and which appears to have been lost. There is no question that Clark had military genius and that he possessed also daring. There is, however, very little to indicate that the actual retaking of the fort at Vincennes was difficult after he arrived there. Mr. Quaife has included in the volume the narrative of Governor Hamilton, written nearer the time of the happenings. Governor Hamilton is distinctly more modest than Clark, though he attributes his failure to the treachery of those he trusted rather than to any deficiency in himself. Mr. Quaife has carefully edited these two narratives and rightly left the reader to form his own opinion of their respective merits.

Contemporaries of Marco Polo. Edited by Manuel Komroff. The Black and Gold Library. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

This is far from being a simple reprint, since research was required for so interesting a collection of little-known works of Eastern travel by the earliest visitors to China. Mr. Komroff, who recently edited Marco Polo for the same library, now presents William of Rubruck, John of Pian de Carpini, Friar Odoric, and Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela. He has done his work as editor carefully and has written an interesting and informing introduction.

The Art in Painting. By Albert C. Barnes. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

Mr. Barnes's already established study of the plastic values in plastic art, and of the means whereby they may be taught and appreciated, is enlarged and revised in order to bring the accounts of contemporary painters more directly into line with the purpose of the book and in order to make room for discussion of the early German, Flemish, Dutch, and French painters.

The Gobbler of God. A Poem of the Southern Appalachians. By Percy Mackaye. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Mackaye adds to his now very long list of works inspired by local and popular American materials a narrative poem which, though it is as difficult in its language as some of its predecessors, is richer and stronger in the elements of myth and motive which give it substance. Mr. Mackaye has told a story which would be true of other people than these local ones, and has been at pains to give this story a kind of general poetic power. The result is a distinct improvement over much of what went before.

Gentlemen, Be Seated! A Parade of the Old-time Minstrels. By Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth. With a Foreword by Daniel Frohman. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

The current rage for old-fashioned American songs has brought forth this book, which in a rough-and-ready manner tells the story of the minstrels, their rise and (temporary) fall.

Anatole France Abroad. By His Secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by John Pollock. Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.

The brilliant author of "Anatole France Abroad" is still brilliant on the subject of the Master's vagaries of mind and morals, but he is much more malicious now. In fact, he turns against the Master all the resources of his very able pen, making him in the end seem one of the most difficult, if one of the cleverest, of men. The account is of a lecture trip which Anatole France took to the Argentine.

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International Relations Section

Germany's Red Front

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Berlin, June 12

THE Red Front Fighters come to Berlin once a year to celebrate the future. They are an organization of over 200,000 men, 30,000 women, and some 50,000 youth. Although the leadership is Communist, only one-third of the members belong to the party. The president is Ernst Thälmann, transport worker and Communist Reichstag member from Hamburg, and one of the executives of the party. This is the organization that the Minister of the Interior, von Keudell, tried in vain to declare illegal about two months ago, while leaving the Fascist "Steel Helmets" untouched. These Red Front Fighters are known as the "storm-troops of the proletariat," organized in 1924 to counteract the growth of Fascism, to defend the working class, and, in case of another war, "to turn upon the capitalist class and change the war into a civil war for the destruction of capitalism and the establishment of a workers' and peasants' government." They are organized on a military basis and wear a gray uniform that looks much like the Russian Red Army uniform or the uniform of the Chinese Nationalist soldiers. The coat is half shirt, open at the throat and caught in at the waist and over the shoulder by leather straps. The cap, of the same material, has a solitary red star in front. Practically all men over twenty-five had military training in the last war, and even the Red Youth—young men from the ages of 16 to 21—look as if they had had it when they swing down the street.

Their fourth national gathering has just ended. They meet each year during the Whitsuntide holidays, and on Whitsunday is the great demonstration. This year 100,000 uniformed men and a few thousand women marched, followed by as many more non-uniformed Communist Party members. Seventy-five thousand came from outside Berlin—walking, riding bicycles, traveling in trucks or fourth-class railway carriages. Berlin contributed the other 25,000. For days in advance the working-class sections were busy preparing for their coming. Beds for 68,000 were arranged in the private homes of the workers, and it did not matter if some of these beds were bales of hay. The other men were housed in barracks or tents. The various divisions brought their bands with them, and when they began to arrive the railway stations were a mass of uniformed men waiting to start the music and escort their comrades through the streets. The workers' sections were a blaze of red; red flags and banners, red flowers, red streamers; red flowers or ribbons in the buttonholes or hats.

On Whitsunday the buglers awoke the Red Front Fighters at six. From eight to ten there were concerts and gatherings in the many halls and on the many squares. At ten the marching began, and in the "respectable" parts of the city the comfortable ladies and gentlemen turned uneasily in their beds when they heard the steady marching of thousands of feet and the blare of bands playing the "International" and "Out to the Sun and the Light." If you were in the workers' sections, it seemed that the whole city was marching. Eisenstein could have made a marvelous picture of whole streets marching, seemingly crossing and recrossing, their red flags caught in the wind and blazing in the brilliant morning sun. The streets were seething with workers in their Sunday best—not only Communists, but all workers turned out for this occasion. Thousands of working women and girls stood along the lines with baskets of sandwiches and fruit, distributing food free to the marching men. Glasses of water and beer appeared by the thousand along the routes—workers' restaurant keepers giving free—and girls ran along beside the marchers waiting to take back the glasses.

The Lustgarten was the goal of the marchers. On one side of the square is the former imperial palace; on another the cathedral; on the third the Museum of Ancient Arts, with a long flight of broad steps leading up to it; on the fourth the canal. Roads and bridges lead to it from six or seven different directions. Rows of police helmets gleamed on the top steps of the cathedral and the museum, and back of the museum hundreds of them were camped, with rifles ready, while across the canal were big police lorries, filled with men. Clear across the front of the cathedral, almost hiding the policemen, was a long, broad slash of red bunting, with the white words "Red Front Fighters, join the Communist Party." Across the face of the imperial palace was another: "Each factory a fortress of the Red Front!" Shades of imperial ancestors!

The Red Front is frightfully punctual. At 2:30, on the scheduled moment, the first columns began to pour into the Lustgarten. Their red banners fluttered beyond the green trees and the bands blared their approach. Within a few minutes the garden was a gray sea of rhythmically marching men, a medley of music, a mass of great red flags and banners, while above the noise came the repeated triple shouts of "Red Front" as each new division received and gave their greeting. Divisions arrived from feudal East Prussia, from the Catholic South, from the great industrial centers of the Rhineland, the Ruhr, and Saxony. Hamburg and Stettin contributed not only industrial sections, but contingents of the "Red Marine" in seamen's uniform, raising their clenched fists and shouting "Red Front." Divisions from the brother Red Front organizations in Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland, and France marched also; there was a small Chinese group, and now and then the lines threw up the faces of Negroes, Indians, Javanese. There were individual delegates from the Scandinavian countries, England, Australia, Russia, and India. The "Young Pioneers"—boys and girls under sixteen—marched; and the "Young Spartacans"—little chaps under twelve—screamed "Red Front! Hoch!" from their big motor lorries. The Red sport organizations, with their many members training for the Workers' Olympiad in Moscow, marched, both men and women in white shorts with bare arms, heads, and legs. The white-clad Workers' First Aid, which numbers some 80,000 men and women throughout the country, moved through the crowd, carrying stretchers or first-aid kits on their backs, ready to take any person who fainted to one of the many stations where physicians were in charge. On the broad steps of the museum stood a chorus of 300 Communist workingmen who shouted "Red Front" in unison as the columns marched past. With each call of "Red Front" the right fist, clenched, is raised. This is the greeting of all Red Front men and women and their sympathizers and supporters.

Two hours passed, but still the columns kept marching

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in and long after the demonstration was at an end they continued coming. The Lustgarten was filled to overflowing. The crowds spilled over into the squares beyond the palace, down Unter den Linden before the opera and the university, and blocked all the streets leading toward the garden. The crowd that gathered to watch and take part in the demonstration was estimated at from five to seven hundred thousand.

At four the bugles sounded a warning from the statue in the center of the Lustgarten—then sounded it again. The audience became silent. From the steps of the museum the chorus of 300 men singers began "Out to the Sun and the Light." The museum served as a sounding-board, the men's voices were strong and well trained. There are some thousand such Communist singers under training in Berlin. You could hear them as they sang, far on the other side of the garden. I doubt if I have ever heard anything so gripping as those strong, deep voices singing the songs of the revolution to a great audience standing in silence, the bright sun streaming upon them and their gleaming banners, the wind catching their flags and moving the green background of trees.

After the second song the bugles called again, and simultaneously from every part of the vast concourse speakers arose—standing on steps, boxes, statues. They had all been given their points to emphasize, and fifteen minutes in which to deliver them. Then the bugles called again and the oath of the Red Front was given. The speakers read each line, with clenched fist raised, and the vast crowds repeated it. The oath was:

I swear:
- Never to forget that world imperialism is preparing a war against Soviet Russia.
- Never to forget that the destiny of the working class of the whole world is bound up with Soviet Russia.
- Never to forget the experience and the suffering of the working class in the imperialist World War.
- Never to forget the 4th of August, 1914, and the betrayal of the reformists.
- Always and forever to fulfil my revolutionary duty to the working class and socialism.
- Always and forever to remain a soldier of the revolution.
- Always and forever, in all proletarian mass organizations, in industries and factories, to be a pioneer of the irreconcilable class war.
- On the front, and in the army of imperialism, to work only for the revolution.
- To lead the revolutionary fight for the destruction of class rule and of the German bourgeoisie.
- To defend the Chinese revolution and the Soviet Union by any and every means.

I swear:
- Always and forever to fight for Soviet Russia and for the World Revolution.

The bugles sounded again when the last rumble of voices had died away. The chorus sang the "International" and the program was at an end.

On Monday there was a great farewell meet. Many of the Red Front men from outside the city remained for a few days to see the sights. Most of them had never seen Berlin before. Some had brought their girls or wives along, simply or very poorly dressed, and for the next few days you could meet them in groups of fifteen or twenty looking at public buildings or, in curious scorn or amazement, at the fashionably dressed men and women sitting in the cafes on Unter den Linden or Kurfürstendamm. Not one could afford such luxury. For weeks their members had been taxed ten pfennigs a day for this Berlin trip. They carried their sandwiches, wrapped in newspapers, and every extra pfennig spent meant a sacrifice.

The strength of the Red Front Fighters' Federation cannot be judged by its numbers alone. The duties and discipline imposed upon members are so exacting that only the most determined men and women can remain in it. Every spare minute is claimed. There are mass meetings, study groups, organizational work. There are the many proletarian celebrations where propaganda is carried on. There was the work for Sacco and Vanzetti, for the Chinese revolution, for strikes in various parts of the world, for the Vienna uprising. Just now the organization is working against the Fascist sentences in Italy. The man or woman who can meet the rigid discipline imposed by either the Red Front or the Communist Party—and often the workers belong to both—is exceptional. But this keeps the organization down to from two to three hundred thousand. Those who do remain are steeled by the conviction that theirs is an historic mission—that history is with them.

Berlin remains red. In some of the workers' sections the Communist Party stands first. The next four years will be filled with intense and bitter struggle. The Red Front has plans, in the eventuality of war, that will not stop with Parliamentary agitation. They do not hide the fact; they warn the German bourgeoisie, they proclaim their intentions before the entire working class and call for recruits. The Red Front Fighters may one day be suppressed. But to suppress three and a half million voters is not so easy, and if the federation is suppressed, all Communists may be called upon to join them.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chili" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years.

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